

# THE DESPISED BASE BALL CLUB.

"Where is Muleahay?"

As Lord Wyvern spoke these words he stepped lightly from the broad veranda that encircled Berton Villa and stood beside his daughter, Beryl McCloskey, whose lithe, graceful form, sharply outlined against the rustic woodshed that dotted the landscape to the westward, was shown to advantage by the dress she wore—a simple garment of soft white pique, caught up at the shoulders with little knots of blue ribbon, and through which the warm flesh tints and beautiful curves of a snowy arm were to be seen. The kissing winds of a perfect June evening—bright joyous June, that yields so gracefully her sceptre as rose-crowned queen of months—were sighing through the larches, and stood like sentinels around the close-trimmed lawn, and seemed to keep over the bright patches of flowers, whose vivid colors were in pretty contrast to the velvety green of the grass around them a kindly but ceaseless vigil.

"I am not happy, papa," said the girl, turning as the words with which this chapter opens were spoken, and laying a shapely, dimpled hand in the broad, pie-plate palm of her father. "I know is not right for me to feel thus, because I have everything that should make my life a bright and joyous one. With kind, loving parents, a beautiful home, health, doughnuts, and every luxury that taste can suggest or money purchase. I should indeed be ungrateful—nay, even wicked—were I to complain; but in spite of all this, in spite of the fact that I try, O so hard, to be bright and gay, there seems to be always before me some great sorrow—and bursting into a storm of tears, Beryl laid her hand on her father's shoulder and wept so long and so bitterly that Lord Wyvern began to wish that he was a sponge.

"It is your liver, my darling," he said tenderly when the violence of the girl's grief had in some measure abated, and only the convulsive shudder that passed like the dying throbs of a broken pump through the lissome form that he held in his arms told of the mighty sorrow that was racking Beryl's heart. You are off your feed."

"No papa," replied the girl, looking up to him with her beautiful brown eyes from which gleamed the soft light of a holy, tender emotion. "I have thought of that, but it cannot be."

Lord Wyvern turned away his head to conceal from his daughter the fact that he was crying, and then, turning to Beryl and kissing the drooping lips that were quivering with grief, he spoke to her in low, kindly, I have-three-aces tones that went to her very heart:

"You must not try to deceive me, my darling," he said. "Tell me truly, do you not love Reginald Muleahay?"

"The girl gave a quick, convulsive movement, like the fern of the forest when the crack of the hunter's rifle breaks upon the midday silence, or a man who sinks languidly to rest on a tack, and then, looking at her secret was known, she realized that her father in a shy, hesitating, boy-fond-by-the-old-man-plying-billiards-when-he-cought-to-have-been-sawing-wood fashion, and let the rosy blushes of maiden modesty which chased color over her cheeks and cheeks make answer.

"But I was so afraid, papa," she said, seeing the kindly smile that flitted across Lord Wyvern's face, "that you would oppose our love, because Regy is not rich, and it would break my heart to lose him now."

"Wealth is not everything, my child," he said, "and I will help Reginald to acquire it, so by next week at this time he may be in a position to place you forever beyond the reach of want."

"Will you?" exclaimed Beryl, her face lighting up with a glad, joyous, I have-found-the-hairbrush smile.

"Yes, my darling," answers the father. "But how?"

"I will," replies Lord Wyvern, "buy him a pool ticket on the first club that plays against the White Stockings."—Chicago Tribune.

# GETTING INFORMATION UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

"I do not see any peculiarity about your people," said an Eastern Judge, addressing his traveling companion, a well-known Arkansas lawyer. "I have traveled quite extensively in this State, and I have not, as yet, found that eccentricity of action and prevarication of reply that has often amused me in the newspapers."

"You have done most of your traveling by rail," the lawyer replied. "This is your first trip away from the main roads, is it not?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'll show you some of our genuine natives. Yonder is a house. Call the landlord, and hold a conversation with him."

"Hullo!" called the Judge.

"Comin'!" the man replied, depositing a child in the lawyer's arms, and advancing. "How's all the folks?"

"Children's hearty; wife's not well. Ain't what you might call bed-sick, but jest sorter stretchy."

"Got anything to eat in the house?"

"Ef I had it anywhar, I'd have it in the house."

"How many children have you?"

"Many as I want."

"How many did you want?"

"Wa't hankerin' arter a powerful chance, but I'm satisfied."

"How long have you been living here?"

"Too long."

"How many years?"

"Been here ever since my oldest boy was born."

"What year was he born?"

"The year I come here."

"How old is your boy?"

"Ef he had lived, he would have been the oldest until yit; but, as he died, Jim's the oldest."

"How old is Jim?"

"He ain't as old as the one what died."

"Well, how old was the one that died?"

"He was older than Jim."

"What do you do here for a living?"

"Eat."

"How do you get anything to eat?"

"The best way we kin."

"How do you spend your Sundays?"

"Like the week days."

"Is that your daughter, yonder?"

"No, sir; she ain't my daughter yonder, nor nowhar else."

"Is she a relative of yours?"

"No, sir; no kin."

"Kin to your wife, I suppose."

"No kin to my wife, but she's kin to my children."

"How do you make that out?"

"She's my wife."

"How far is it to the next house?"

"It's called three miles, but the man what calls it that is a liar."

"I've got enough," said the Judge, turning to the lawyer. "Drive on. I pity the man who offers to this man for information."—Arkansas Traveler.

# QUEEN VICTORIA'S AGE.

The age attained by Queen Victoria—sixty-four—has been exceeded by only eleven of the sovereigns of England, dating from the Norman conquest, viz.: Henry I., who lived to the age of sixty-seven years; Henry III., sixty-five years; Edward I., sixty-seven years; Edward III., sixty-five years; Queen Elizabeth, sixty-nine years; James II., sixty-eight years; George I., sixty-seven years; George II., seventy-seven years; George III., eighty-two years; George IV., sixty-eight years; and William IV., seventy-two years. On June 30, next, her majesty will have reigned over the United Kingdom for forty-six years, a length of reign which has been exceeded by three of the kings of England only, viz.: Henry III., whose reign extended to fifty-six years; Edward III., whose reign lasted fifty years; and George III., whose reign extended to the long period of nearly sixty years. The Queen has now been a widow for nearly twenty-two years. The Prince consort having died on December 14, 1861.

# PERSEVERANCE REWARDED.

A well-known citizen of Detroit was out on the street with \$33 in his pocket when he observed that a stranger was dogging his footsteps. After making sure of this fact he wheeled around and said:

"See here, sir, are you following me?"

"Yes, sir," was the prompt reply.

"What for?"

"Because I want that umbrella. You will leave it somewhere within half an hour, and I might as well have it as some one perfectly able to buy a dozen of them."

"Don't you worry about my leaving it," observed the citizen as he walked off.

He entered two offices on Griswold street, took a shup up the stairs of the Walker block and made a call at telephone headquarters. When he came out of the latter place he started for the Postoffice, and had just entered the building when he threw up his hands and exclaimed: "Hang me, if I haven't left that umbrella!"

He rushed back to the telephone office like a man going to a fire, and when he gazed around the room in search of lost article, one of the clerks remarked: "Oh! was that your umbrella? It was carried off by a man with red chin whiskers!"—Detroit Free Press.

# THE MARRIAGE AT THE LELAND HOTEL.

The marriage at the Leland Hotel, Chicago, last week, of Miss Julia Kohn, daughter of D. A. Kohn, a wealthy retired Chicago merchant, to Irving Bernheimer, of New York, was attended by about 500 guests. The entire parlor floor was monopolized by the wedding party. About 150 persons were present from New York. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Hirsch. Among the presents was a certified check for \$50,000 from the groom's father, a house and lot in New York from the bride's father, and about \$15,000 in smaller gifts of money. The bride received three grand pianos.

# MR. ORIN GOWELL, A MILLIONAIRE OF NEVADA.

Mr. Orin Gowell, a millionaire of Nevada, gone about his fine place in workingman's attire, which sometimes leads to funny mistakes. One day a tramp, seeing him at work near the fence, called out: "Soy, Pat, can't yees ship into the kitchen and git me a bit of bread." "The poor fellow looked honest," said Mr. Gowell, "so I went in and got him some of the best of the cook could give me. When I brought it out he congratulated me on my skill in making such a good haul."

# THERE ARE 1,000 UNMARRIED MEN IN ONE DISTRICT IN MANITOBA.

No doubt many escaped bridegrooms also find their way there.—Courier-Journal.

# THE GIANT WHO IS BEING EXHIBITED WITH BARUM'S CIRCUS.

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WE take all possible care to avoid errors, and when any occur they are corrected at once.

WE are always willing to exchange goods which do not please after being received, provided, they are returned to us in perfect condition and within reasonable time.

Samples of Dry Goods of all kinds even the most expensive, sent free of charge on application.

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Bridgeton, May 1883.—344

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